

March Madness

Nas

Reflect with radiance
Rising consciousness of my people in the stadiums
Or I can get ignorant like that nigga Maury Povich portray us a
s
I'm hip hop baby dad
And all of y'all my litter, my little kids
And my label's Mass Appeal
A blunt, a pill and some liquor
I get to my hitters, they spray your niggas ass
Get money fast, R.I.P. to Che, smell my kilo breath
I spit and I freeze you to death
Cuban tobacco mouth, trap nigga cologne
Been have the OG respect
Pick the city, I knock four of ya baddest
16 chilling with Supreme Magnetic
Fort Greene nigga with a little Queens bastard
Now I'm in a Ghost or a Benz or an Aston, icon status

And we still strapped in case you niggas want status
Still balling, still macking
Niggas ain't a 100, he 60/40
We 50/50, that's automatic
My niggas got open cases
Bitch niggas got watches and bracelets
And cee-lo, I never throw aces
Don't give a fuck about races
Pray that my niggas come out of the FEDs
Shout to my niggas who dead
We got the stripes
All I got is my real niggas for life
Nas pour henny, Future pour dirty sprite

Dirty soda in a styrofoam
Spend a day to get my mind blown
Dress it up and go to Nassau
200 miles on the dash
And gotta roll a pound up and gas it
Switching lanes in a Grand Rapide
We the ones that kept it cool with all these niggas
Til these niggas start acting
Shoot a nigga like a film in a movie
Nigga, gone let em have it
Balling like the March Madness
All these cops shooting niggas, tragic